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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

PENITENTIAL HYMN.

(For a World in Arms)

O God of field and city,
O Lord of shore and sea,
Behold us, in thy pity,
Lift naked hands to thee.
Our swords and spears are shattered,
Our walls of stone down thrust,
Our reeking altars scattered
And trodden in the dust.

O God of law unbroken,
O Lord of justice done,
Thine awful word is spoken
From sun to flaming sun—
We hate, and we are hated,
We slay, and lo, are slain,
We feed, and still unsated
We hunt our prey again.

O God of mercy tender,
O Lord of love most free,
Forgive, as we surrender
Our wayward wills to thee.
Absolve our fell allegiance
To captain and to king;
Receive in full obedience,
The chastened hearts we bring.

—*John Haynes Holmes, in The Survey.*

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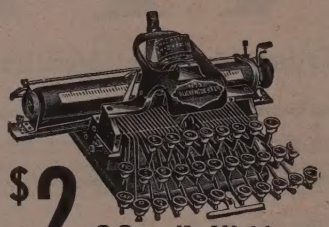

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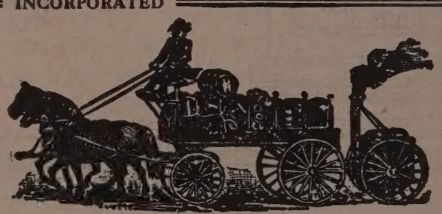

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXVIII THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1916. NUMBER 12

FOUNDATION STONES.

I would not lose the hard things from my life,
The rocks o'er which I stumbled long ago,
The griefs and fears, the failures and mistakes,
That tried and tested faith and patience so.

I need them now; they make the deep-laid wall,
The firm foundation-stones on which I raise—
To mount therein from stair to higher stair—
The lofty towers of my House of Praise.

Soft was the roadside turf to weary feet,
And cool the meadows where I fain had trod,
And sweet beneath the trees to lie at rest
And breathe the incense of the flower-starred sod;

But not on these might I securely build,
Nor sand nor sod withstand the earthquake shock.
I need the rough, hard boulders of the hills
To set my house on everlasting rock.

—*Annie Johnson Flint.*

"To Abolish Jails" is the title of an editorial note in *The Survey* of November 11. The title is itself an argument and an appeal.

Marion Craig Wentworth's play, "War Brides," is now to be made the base of an elaborate photo-play, with Madame Nazimova, the great Russian actress, in the leading role. Art is essentially cosmopolitan, and it cannot be permanently suppressed.

The head of the English department of Baylor University at Waco, Texas, is anxious to secure Browning books and material for the library. We wonder if there are not readers of UNITY who have accumulated material of that kind in private libraries where it is in danger of being dissipated, who would be glad to place such material where it will be read and appreciated.

The recent death of Doctor Benjamin F. Trueblood has deprived the Peace forces of America of one of the most stalwart workers. For many years he was the executive secretary of the American Peace Society, during which time he was found on duty on the firing line, a quaker soldier, doing valiant duty with the weapons of peace and love, an unarmed hero on the picket line of civilization.

UNITY salutes Jeanette Rankin, member of Congress elect from Montana. Our congratulations go also to the state that dared and to the nation that is invaded by the representative of a new power. But let all parties concerned remember that this woman has been elected to the high responsibilities of citizenship and that she is to be tested by the same standards as those applicable to men. May her femininity be promptly lost in her humanity.

William Marion Reedy, in *Reedy's Mirror,* says that the election of Wilson was a victory of democracy with a small *d,* and not democracy with a big D. It is to be profoundly hoped that the sequel will justify the editor's statement. The Democratic *party* is as loaded with purblind politicians, grafters and timidity as is the Republican *party.* Here is one more opportunity to get rid of the spoils system and to save the nation, not the party.

The Dramatic Mirror calls attention to the fact that recently the French Director of the Theatre Francaise and the German Director of another theatre were lunching together at the Astor in New York, discussing the possibility of adapting a German musical play to the French theatre. Further down the street at the Casino an Englishman and a German are often seen clasping hands in acknowledging the applause of an audience. The sad, strange thing is that these perfectly normal fraternal relations should be deemed noteworthy.

The dialect of the mountain man of Kentucky and Tennessee is peculiar. The spelling is strange but the logic of the mountain man who objected to the Dixie Highway is not so unique as we wish it were. The *Berea Quarterly* thus recounts "the arguments of a tight-fisted Highlander:

"This Highway will help your folks get to town."
"Don't like hit; don't want ter be goin'; cain't keep my gals ter hum neow."
"But it raises the value of your land."
"Cain't pay ther taxes neow."
"But if you sell you will get more."
"Don't aim ter sell; I'm a-buyin' land."

Madam Malmberg, who accompanied the Ford Peace Expedition last year, has returned to America and is lecturing in the interests of the "Union of Nationalities," formed in Paris in 1912, which held its third Congress in Switzerland last June. *The Survey* reports that twenty-three different races were represented. Of course the program of such a meeting was chosen for it in advance: "How to secure every indi-

vidual from indignities on account of race, language or religion." How far the world is from that realization it is the business of such organizations and workers to make clear.

The Star of Hope is the title of an attractive magazine published at the prison of Sing Sing and by the prisoners. The leading article for November is entitled "Prisons and Poets." Is it possible that poetry finds more fertile soil behind prison bars than in the upholstered homes of the rich? The editor reasons that while poetry is a labor of love and never a labor of gold, one may look for those who have the time and the solitude to raise the standard until the poetry of this country surpasses that of England. "The Anthology of a Prison" may start an American Renaissance:

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little patch of blue
That prisoners call the sky;
And every fleecy cloud that went
With sails of silver by.

As a contribution to the All-Flag-Day celebration spoken of elsewhere, we come upon the following lines published in London, which on this side of the water invite singing to the tune of America; on the other side they will sing it to "God Save the King," and it will be the same tune. Let it, or a better one, be written in French, German, Russian, Italian, and they will all sing it to the one tune to the refining and elevating and intensifying of their own patriotism. Each in his own tongue, let the pentacostal hymn be sung:

God made the World one State!
All nations, small and great,
One civic whole!
Self-ruled each people be!
All peoples linked and free!
Glorious in unity
From pole to pole!

One World, one destiny;
One race, one family:
One God above!
All States upheld in one,
All laws excelled by One—
One Life, One Love.

The following extracts from a circular appeal issued by the "World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship Through the Churches," is a challenge as well as an arraignment. What is our Christianity about? Where is the Judaism of the prophets? The Catholicism of the Catholic Church? What is Protestant Christianity doing? Are they all stupefied by the narcotic, prosperity? All distracted by the cry of danger? Are we suspending our piety? Ignoring the Golden Rule pretension until after our preparedness craze has realized the largest navy in the world, and an absurdly large standing army?

Americans not a few are advocating pagan ideals of nationalism. "Bombs and dollars," writes the *Washington Herald*, "are the only things that count today. We have plenty of one. Let us lay in a goodly supply of the other and blast a way to world leadership as soon as an opportunity presents itself." "It is the right of a nation to live to its fullest intensity," writes the *Seven Seas*, "to expand, to found colonies, to get richer and richer by any proper means, such as armed conquest, commerce and diplomacy."

If these ideals prevail in America, we shall have growing armies until, like Europe, millions of our boys will be in the barracks with all that that means of moral and religious degeneracy. The primacy of might will be asserted and scant regard will be given to our national duties or to the rights of others. Democracy will wane and the spirit of militarism grow strong.

Has not the time come for every Church to establish a Committee on World Problems, and to introduce into all its groups at some suitable time the study of the methods and responsibilities for establishing World Righteousness and World Peace? *No new organization is proposed and no new meetings.*

A pleasing event took place at the parsonage in Lincoln Centre last Sunday evening, when Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley read to a group of friends an original play consisting of a Prologue and one Act, entitled "The Angel at the Gate, An Easter Fantasy." In this play Mrs. Woolley attempts the audacious task of a post-mortem action. An angel temporarily takes the position of St. Peter, and the dramatis personæ that pass in review have carried hither their earthly limitations, entanglements and anxieties of other days, and by the normality of it all are puzzled by the inabilities and inefficiencies still clinging to their souls. The Judge from the "Court of Domestic Relations" finds his functions still useful up there, and could report that even on earth "the courts are daily growing less legal and more humane," and he realizes that "indecision is sometimes the very worst of sins." The whole play is conceived in the most modern atmospheres: "There is but one place, and any one who will may enter." "There is no punishment but growing pains." "Human nature seems as varied a product here as below." "There is no criminal class—only degrees of soul enlightenment." But we must not quote from an unpublished drama. The work is as clever as it is bold; it is ingenious, and carries a profound deeper meaning. We sincerely hope that this Easter fantasy will promptly find a publisher. It is good theology, better sociology, and by no means bad art.

The Unity Church of Oak Park, the thriving suburb of Chicago, has recently been enjoying a revival week of a new kind. Centering around Doctor Lee McCollester, Dean of the Crane Theological School in connection with Tuft's College, and President of the Universalist General Convention, a goodly number of Uni-

versalist ministers came together ostensibly to consider plans, but we suspect the more important result was the quickening of their own ideals, the re-enforcing of their own faith, and the taking of a new grip upon their work. A similar gathering of Unitarian ministers of the Middle West recently came together in Madison, Wisconsin, and caught in each other's presence a new vision of work to do. If the rally at Madison and that of Oak Park could have been fused into one, and they could have drawn together the few ministers on the advanced lines in the so-called "orthodox denominations," and have met the same questions as were discussed at Oak Park and Madison,—"What Can We Do Together?" "What great impedimenta of second rate and third rate details, the unprofitable, the non-productive 'chores' of church life, can we eliminate in order to concentrate on the great fundamentals related to individual and comunity well-being,"—the good accomplished at these separate centers would have been greatly augmented. There are no questions more inrooted in the life of churches and church members than these questions of elimination; how to cut out very good things in the interest of very much better things. It is the tragedy of modern social life, this scattering of spiritual energy, this debauching of superior forces by devotion to inferior activities.

The Hibbert Journal for October is as usual charged with thought. An article by the Rev. J. E. Carpenter on "The Theology of the Reverend Stopford Brooke," another on "Immortal Poland," and one on "Christian Internationalism," command attention. But even this academic journal cannot escape the partisan bias, the distortions of patriotism. Professor Ferguson finds material in "German Sermons" to show how the war spirit distorts and poisons the heart and confuses Christian pretensions. Perhaps an equally clever German professor could also find ample material for similar exposures in the current piety of pulpit utterances of the Allies. Our own Doctor Thwing contributes an article establishing a comparison between the American Civil War and the present war in Europe, in which he tries to find a justification and some degree of consolation in the present struggles, essentially between England and Germany. Perhaps the good doctor is yet a little loath to admit that our own war was the very, very wrong way of doing the right thing; that it was caused and carried on from the incapacity of one side to do justice to the other side; the inability of both sides to "See oursel' as ithers see us." There was a better way of solving the irrepressible conflict than by an appeal to arms. And though at the time perhaps only two illumined souls were enabled clearly to see this truth,—Abraham Lincoln in the North and Alexander Stephens in the South,—we all see it now. The war for the Union was the result of the perversity and blindness of intellectual dogmatism. These sins and weaknesses were national, not sectional. As it was then, so it is now.

In the exhilaration or depression, as the case may be, following the election excitement, there is great danger that great primal issues will be relegated to the places where secondary interests are pigeonholed, and neglected in the last account. Such dangers beset and forever threaten the interests of conservation. We are a long way yet from incorporating into the laws of the nation and organizing into the conscience of the exploiters of capital, the public ownership of natural resources, the sanctity of that wealth not created by man, no good title to which can ever be delegated to private and selfish concerns. The streams, the forests, the wealth underground, like the winds of heaven, belong to the whole people and should be exploited only for the benefit of the whole people. Gifford Pinchot, President of the National Conservation Association, calls attention to the fact that "masquerading as conservation bills," several measures will be presented to the December Congress, the passage of which will defeat the purpose of the conservation movement, among which are:

> The iniquitous Shields water-power bill, giving away the public water powers on navigable streams, has passed the Senate and is now in conference. The Myers water-power bill, equally vicious, disposing of water powers on public lands, is on the Senate calendar and will come up early in the session. The Phelan bill, which would hand over to the Standard Oil Company and a few other interests the Navy's reserves of fuel oil, is on the Senate calendar, and will be taken up immediately when Congress convenes on December 4.

That eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty is also the price of justice and progress. A century of pillaging from the whole people on the part of a few should come to an end. The water rights of the people in arid sections have been thoroughly established, reasonably well organized. But the water-power rights of the same people throughout the nation are yet scarcely recognized, much less honored, by otherwise honorable men.

A correspondent and a devoted reader of UNITY sends a suggestion of an "All-Flag Day" to be celebrated first by schools and churches; then, as the idea spreads, by a general holiday set apart by city, state and federal proclamation. This would be indeed a festival of humanity, a time when, to quote from our correspondent:

> The youth of America may express special consideration and tenderness toward their adopted friends, and when everything shall be done to promote good will toward all foreigners; when they are to meet with us in city parks, village groves, or country fields, where international music may be rendered and where small flags of all nations shall be dis-

played and distributed, and where foreigners shall be encouraged to present their national games, plays, dances, folk-lore or folk-songs. Imagine the delight of the Finlander, the Pole, the Lithuanian, the Bohemian, the Roumanian, the Greek, the Armenian, the Mexican, or any of these humble people at such recognition and respect exhibited by their foster mother toward their natal countries.

Both religion and statecraft, poetry and the economic sciences are ripe for an international emblem. We want a flag so standardized that everybody will understand its meaning and use it as an expression of their international home. The evolution of an international flag *de novo* will be a matter of slow and perhaps painful eliminations and selections. Meanwhile the white border to existing flags is the most convenient as well as most significant outward expression of an inward fact. The world-consciousness is already a psychological fact in millions of lives, and every outward expression of the same will be greeted with increasing respect and a growing enthusiasm. Henry Ford has expressed his intention, at the end of the war, when his motives will be more clearly understood and more highly appreciated, of flying over his works an international flag. Are the industries to lead the churches in this effort of realizing the brotherhood we profess and organizing the fraternity already at hand?

Doctor William P. Merrill of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York, remembered lovingly in Chicago as the pastor for many years of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, writes concerning the little book, "Love for Battle Torn Peoples": "It has done me good. I am sure the spirit of the little book will help in the most important of all works just now—the creation of just and kindly feeling." This friendly opinion of a whilom neighbor expresses the fundamental purpose of the book. It was published for missionary purposes wholly, and we are glad to announce that two friends have already provided for the necessary cost of two additional thousands. The publishers have fixed their hopes on an edition of five thousand, to be placed freely where they will do the most good. So far as means is provided, we hope to reach the leading legislators, of state and national government; such libraries as maintain a peace shelf and will give the book the benefit of such publicity; such ministers as will read and lend; such teachers, particularly teachers of high schools, as will put it within reach of geographical and other students interested in the study of nations. The cost of manufacture is provided for for these two additional thousands, and the cost of mailing one thousand of them is met by another friend. It costs from five to eight cents parcel post rates on each copy. We will be glad to receive contributions to the postage funds, but will send, so far as the issue will permit, copies to any of the above parties who make the application by letter, with or without postage. One-half of the original edition has been taken for missionary purposes by the Church Peace Union, with headquarters at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York. The remaining half is practically exhausted, but the new edition is promptly expected. Who will help to put an additional three thousand copies of this book into circulation? Love is the antidote for war, appreciation of nations the way to internationality, which is the demand of science, the aim of Christianity, and the fulfillment of law.

The *Biblical World* for November contains an interesting article from the discriminating pen of Doctor Carl S. Patton of Columbus, Ohio, on the deviations of Matthew and Luke in the "Sermon on the Mount." Only by such free comparison of text to text and recognition of scriptural differences in shading, emphasis, and fact, can we restore the Bible to human uses and rescue it from the remoteness of dogmatic claims to infallibility. But the most biblical thing in this issue is the editorial, presumably from the pen of Doctor Shailer Mathews, entitled "Molluscan Religion." He asks: "Is Christianity dead?" He says it is "too self-protecting from the miseries of life"; that it is "flooded with pamphlets insisting that instead of Christianity uniting to serve the world, they should get together and establish a confederacy based upon some doctrine of uniformity." "With the whole world at war, Christians debate the niceties of organization." He further tells us that the church has now an opportunity of championing the teachings of Jesus. "Is it to join in the chorus that justifies war?" We fear facts justify the apprehensions of this editor:

> In religion men too often become molluscan. They deposit a shell of ecclesiasticism, creeds, confessions, heresy trials, about their deeply religious life. Like all molluscs, the man who relies on externalities, derived though they may be from his own inner self, grows fearful of the light, burrowing when he ought to walk.
>
> Particularly do we adopt these protective devices in moments of prolonged crises. We distrust the enthusiasm with which we look to our ideals, and begin to protect hopes by outer defenses.
>
> We have grown so accustomed to violence that we are losing the sense of its horror. A baseball game crowds out news of battles more bloody than Gettysburg. Even the horrors of Armenia fail to move us. Our moral nature no longer cries out, as in the early days of the war, against war itself.
>
> We are growing sophisticated as well as prosperous.
>
> A thousand fall at our side, and ten thousand at our right hand, but we are no longer shocked. We have grown prodigal in our preparedness, half-convinced that war is a human institution to be patiently endured. Is not attrition a part of military science?
>
> * * * *
>
> What shall be thought of a religion that protects itself from eager response to human need by attention to those things that engender strife or sectarianism?

"I wonder if gardens would be so wonderful if it weren't for all their literary suggestions and the lovely things they remind you of."

Some More War Literature

Surely there is no end to the making of war books, and if these books were as carefully studied as they are prepared there would be a tempering of judgment, a balancing of the war situation which now is sadly wanting in many directions. It is interesting to note how the novel is still the dominant pulpit of this age. Mr. Wells' "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" promptly jumped into the front as the "best selling novel" in America and in England. To welcome its coming must suffice UNITY at present. There will be no dearth of reviews, sermons and editorials inspired by it. At present, in the interest of culture as well as in the interest of humanity, we content ourselves by urging its reading.

"A STRONG MAN'S HOUSE," by Francis Neilson (Bobbs-Merrill), is another story, not destined to compete with Mr. Wells' novel, but one well calculated to ameliorate war enthusiasms and mitigate war-like passions. Mr. Neilson is an ex-member of Parliament, who is now sojourning in America, being heard with delight by audiences in Chicago, Detroit and elsewhere. This is a story written from the inside charged with local color. It could not have been written except by one who knows the so-called favored side of English life. He knows those who live in mansions, have servants and go riding with the hounds. It is a book that touches most of the heresies, does not hesitate to run into theological as well as political hot questions. "A Strong Man's House" is a strong man's book and will give strength to the reader.

"HOW DIPLOMATS MAKE WAR" (Huebsch) is a book by the same author, which appeared anonymously, assigned to "A British Statesman." The author's name was omitted for a reason. It is not a book that commends itself to an Englishman who goes on the theory that his country can do no wrong. It is a learned, searching study of diplomacy, both secret and open. It recognizes the fact that wars are born in the council chambers of the lords, not in the hearts of the people. It is a book of sixteen chapters and 376 pages. After a terrible array of facts and figures it concludes with the following searching paragraph:

> This war, begun by diplomatists and militarists, has made the peoples of Europe conscious of all these dreadful evils; in no other way can the seeming unanimity of all the forces fighting in all the stricken countries be explained. Each people, now the war is in progress, is actuated subconsciously by the notion that the end of the war will bring the freedom that will raise them up out of the sloughs of the past. The vision of the men in the trenches is one of peace and disarmament; but whether the close of the strife will open an era of an unarmed enduring peace is a question which will depend entirely on the people themselves. Governments have made the war; only the peoples can make an unarmed peace.

Rolland's "ABOVE THE BATTLE" (Open Court) will be noted at length in these columns by our associate, Mr. Weatherly, but we cannot forego the pleasure of naming it in this connection. "Above the Battle" is written by one who has reached the highlands of the spirit, one who has consulted the "correcting hands of history," who has discovered that the cry of "public safety is the mother of crimes," one who sees that this is an "old man's war," one whose ear is keen enough to detect the protests of youth.

"JUSTICE IN WAR TIME," by Bertrand Russell (Open Court), is another book from the pen of an Englishman, not exiled for his thought but confined for it. The English government refused to grant him a passport to come to the United States to deliver a course of lectures before Harvard University. This is a book that will provoke thought and compel the opening of questions which have been too promptly closed in many minds. The Ethics of War, Why Nations Love War, Is a Permanent Peace Possible? are titles of chapters that invite a reading.

"BELGIUM AND GERMANY, A Dutch View," by Dr. J. H. Labberton (Open Court), is another book asking for the open mind. It is rendered into English by William Ellery Leonard of the University of Wisconsin.

"GERMANY MISJUDGED; An Appeal to International Good Will in the Interest of a Lasting Peace" (Open Court), is a work by Roland Hugins, Professor at Cornell University. It is dedicated to "you who can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs."

If our readers are fearful that this list will incline the judgment too much from the Anglo-Saxon partiality, here is a book that will accelerate the aberration. "The Vampire of the Continent" (Jackson Press, New York) is written by a German and is fiercely anti-British. It is a book too vehement to carry conviction, too fierce to be human.

"TOWARDS AN ENDURING PEACE, A Symposium of Peace Proposals and Programs, 1914-1916," is compiled by Randolph S. Bourne, with an introduction by Franklin H. Giddings (American Association for International Conciliation). This book is a scholastic compilation from the various peace workers and societies, intended for the use of men and women seriously interested in international affairs. Students will find themselves in the company of the leading and original contributors to the great problem.

"NEUTRALITY; The Crucifixion of Public Opinion," by S. Ivor Stephen (The Neutrality Press, Chicago), is a book of violent judgments and passionate and, on that account, unreliable, appeals.

"The Report of the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration" contains the proceedings of the twenty-second annual meeting and contains the utterances of a score or more of the leading peace-prophets of the country, among whom are ex-President

Taft, Professor Hull, Dr. Jordan, Dr. Butler, Professor Steiner and many others.

"CARLYLE AND THE WAR," by Marshall Kelly (Open Court), justifies itself as a study in literature quite aside from being a study of war problems. We may not all agree with the author's opinion that Carlyle was the greatest man of the nineteenth century, but surely we must recognize that he was a mighty power in the nineteenth century, and those who have not come under the influence of the great Scotch brain miss the thrills that come from contact with genius and are a stimulant to action as well as to thought. It is now a difficult but altogether profitable task to try to read Carlyle, the prophet of the nineteenth century.

"WAR, PEACE AND THE FUTURE," Ellen Key (Putnams). This book is characterized by great sanity, as are all the writings of this noble Swedish woman. In this book woman is led into the life political of today. She is made to confront the issues, to assume her portion of blame and her part in the final solution of how to escape from this fearful man-made but oftentimes woman-encouraged war and the warlike fallacies and philosophies connected therewith.

"NATIONALIZING AMERICA," by Edward A. Steiner (Revell), is an enkindling book. Like everything written by Professor Steiner, it is shot through and through with humanitarian enthusiasm. He is a pre-eminent citizen of the world, an internationalist not by profession but by realization. Dr. Steiner is an American, every inch of him, but, as he tells us in the closing chapter, he is an American because he "wishes to co-operate with the people of every other country for the good of humanity." In these ten chapters are discussed the language, land, school, church and immigrant problems. The writer is well informed upon the subject upon which he writes, but the book belongs primarily to the literature of power.

TO IMAGINATION.

"One day thou didst desert me—then I learned
How looks the world to men who lack thy grace,
And toward the night, sick-hearted, turned,
When lo! the first star brought me back thy face."

Out-of-doors has a delightful way of taking us by the hand and leading us to sweet places we could never find of our own wills. Children know this secret and yield themselves most readily to the witching dark moods of the earth's bosom. Try it some day yourself, you Grown-up Person, abandon that well-worn road, that established footpath, and see what witchery the outland will have in store for you.

Florence Wilkinson in "The Silent Door."

The Open Forum

(See note in issue of November 16, page 168.)

A new agency is developing for the promotion of fundamental democracy. It is calculated to eliminate a real evil in our community life, i. e., class-and-group consciousness. These are the sources of much evil in our boasted fellowship of the common life. They make the vaunted word "community" capable of being defined only as an ideal. Parties, occupations, clubs, fraternities, churches, newspapers, and even schools draw lines of cleavage all through the rank and file of people. Seldom, save on the street, or possibly in parks and public schools, do we find a cross-section of the whole group. Even there some classes are conspicuous by their absence and there is only the coming together as a mass. How and where do we or can we get together fundamentally? Can there be secured a convergence of all the winds of social thought and ideals and purposes? How can each fraction be brought to know not only how each other fraction lives, but what it feels and aspires to give, to have, and to be? "We hate each other only because we do not know each other." Capital and labor make war on each other only because the other side is not known and is not understood. Aliens and native sons, conservatives and radicals, orthodox and heretics, whites and blacks, all need to give themselves the acid test of really knowing their opposites, if we are to have a *community*. As one of our modern prophets, W. E. B. DuBois, has put it:

> Herein lies the tragedy of the age:
> Not that men are poor;
> All men know something of poverty.
> Not that men are wicked,
> Who is good?
> Not that men are ignorant,
> What is truth?
> Nay, but that men should know so little of each other.

One inspiring answer to the questions raised above has come during the last decade, and especially in the last two or three years, by the development across the country of at least two hundred open forums of many different patterns. Fundamentally they are public meetings held in churches, school-houses, theatres and public halls, where the people come together to discuss the questions of their common life. The speakers at these meetings are quite exclusively men and women who have acquired standing as prophets of a better social order, regardless of the angle of their vision or of their "ism". The only conditions laid down are that they have a real message, that they know whereof they speak, and that they know how to speak. Of course they must be sincere. For the forums are engaged with the serious side of the common life, and can in no wise exploit or be exploited by entertainers and "mere" lecturers.

The lectures are followed by discussion periods. In the most effective type of forum this discussion is by the single method of questions from the floor and answers by the speaker of the day. Often this procedure is attacked as being too narrow and really undemocratic. Advance thinkers in the audience protest that they are being restricted and suppressed. The answer to their criticism is twofold. Experience proves that an open public meeting for free speech becomes the haven of every crank in the community whose line

of talk may be most likely mere rant, or at least too much for the average man and woman to endure willingly. That results in the meetings melting down to a single group of those most nearly in sympathy with the average free speaker. It nullifies the meeting as a community gathering, one that as nearly as possible represents a cross-section of the entire community. This spirit in human nature can well be recognized for the sake of the community ambitions of the forum. Then again, the question is justified because it permits a much larger number in the audience to have some part in the discussion. It is obvious that many more questions with pithy answers can be permitted in an hour than even two-minute speeches. And how difficult it is or would be to limit speeches to two or three minutes.

The fundamental democracy of the forum and its given name, "Open," is based on its free platform. The forum in the first place is non-partisan and nonsectarian. It is also free and open to all ideas, programs, philosophies and ideals for community life by refusing in itself to be committed to any one or more of these. And still further, it is as brave as it is free, because it is unafraid. It would assist in getting the truth and the right and the ideal into the social mind and conscience by getting every suggestion of the truth and the right. So it welcomes all kinds of prophets, conservatives or radical, orthodox or heretic, native or alien, Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, black as well as white. It is uncommitted and unafraid.

Who will fail to realize that this is a startingly fresh institution in our modern life. Churches with their dogmas divide, each newsaper more or less partisan, economics, social organizations and functions, class prejudices and every particular propaganda divide people into the pros and cons, the ins and the outs. The forum casts no shadows and draws no lines. It is organized on a basis that appeals to all alike, regardless of present or past or future. And it works! Up and down and across the country and over the border in Canada you can find these *community* meetings functioning true to type.

And it works in all kinds of communities! In downtown metropolitan centers, in residential suburbs, in smaller manufacturing towns with polyglot populations, and even in homogeneous rural communities—successful in a splendid measure.

The parentage of these forums is divided between Cooper Union in New York and Ford Hall in Boston. From the latter, with George W. Coleman as leader, has gone out the missionary spirit for these agencies of democracy. The history of Ford Hall has been written up under the title, "Democracy in the Making," a phrase which seems to crystallize the spirit and purpose of the forums. As a means of providing efficiently for the present forums and their rapidly increasing tribe, there has been organized the Open Forum Speakers' Bureau, at 26 Pemberton Square, Boston. Now comes the journal of the movement, *The Community Forum*, published at 800 Ford Building, Boston. The fourth annual national conference of forum leaders and friends will be held in Chicago under the auspices of two forums, the West Side and the South Side People's Forums, in April, 1917.

FRED A. MOORE.

Pastor, Church of the Redeemer, Chicago.

THE PULPIT

A Psalm of the Inner Life—XXIII.

V.

"The House of the Lord" — Immortality

A Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, October 29, 1916.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MRS. ANNIE LAURIE KELLY.

May the beauty and majesty of life break in upon us this morning. May our words lead into the silences too profound for human speech. May our songs melt into a harmony not to be reproduced by human voices. May our hungerings outreach our arguments and our lives belie our doubts. May Thy peace, Father, the peace that passeth understanding, the peace that is now and evermore, be ours this day. Amen.

SERMON.

Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

This is a sublime climax to a deathless hymn of the inner life. The thought of immortality is the most audacious presumption of the human mind, the most profound arrogance of finite thought. Man, poor, weak, helpless man, whose three score years and ten are bracketed with imbecility at both ends! Man, the fitful subject of a fitful nature, sets up this audacious claim of deathlessness! And the "arguments" that are offered seem to reflect the imbecility of man. No "argument" has ever been offered that stands the test of logical minds; there is always room to question and to doubt. The story of the resurrection of a crucified Lord was argument enough for Paul; he could say, "If Christ is not risen, then are we of all men most miserable." But in the light of history and the analysis of the claims of other religions, the matter of the bodily resurrection, even if admitted, is an attempt to set the pyramid on its apex. The critical student finds many, many difficulties in the way of admitting the story on its face value. The story of the resurrection of a dead saint is by no means peculiar to the gospel story. I am not here to discuss that resurrection today, though it invites investigation and always challenges analysis. I simply say in passing that the proof of an immortal life for all men and women based on an historic event that occurred in a far off corner of the globe eighteen hundred years ago, fails to carry conviction.

Again, thousands have gone to their rest in full faith of a life hereafter because it was testified to by Holy Writ; texts have been accumulated that have been consoling and inspiring, some of which I have read to you this morning, but the thing written, the testimony of the manuscripts have reached but a small section of the human family, and to those reached they have often failed to carry conviction in many ways.

Then there is the other claim which to some minds amounts to a demonstration, that the silence has really been broken, that the veil has been torn apart for the benefit of the favored few under certain favorable conditions. It is asserted that the longed-for witnesses from the other shore have expressed themselves. I have always held myself in the attitude of the open

mind. I would be a willing recipient at this sanctuary of life. I am persuaded that many have received comfort and reassurance in such a way, but the voice from the other side has never reached me in a convincing manner, the veil has not been torn apart to satisfy my eyes. Men expert in scientific investigation, high in their place among the world's thinkers, have organized their society for Psychical Research; they have tried to follow every clew offered to them as coming from the other shore, and to say the least it is still an open question. Some may claim, "I know." More do say, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard" a demonstration that is conclusive from the other shore.

So, then, whatever line of "argument" we follow, whether it be the story of the physical resurrection of a sainted Savior, the accumulation of testimony of text from Holy Writ, or "manifestations"—the favored word of more recent times coming through human agencies, witnessing to the returned spirits, the thought of immortality still seems audacious, still seems mountainous egotism on the part of erring, floundering, stumbling and dying human beings.

And yet something profound lies back of this audacity. The presumption is not the characteristic of the shallow, the flippant and the selfish, for the thought of deathlessness finds its most fertile soil in the profoundest minds and noblest lives.

Man finds himself here at the end of a long, long, long past. However it may be to the forefront, we are sure that there is an eternity behind us. We can spell out some of the truths along this endless road behind us and find that ever and forever life has been an upward climb. Creation is still busy unfolding leaf after leaf of the spirit. It is a question as to whether this marvelous past, this teeming present, the unspeakable future predicted by the past and the present, is to be interpreted in terms of matter or in terms of mind. Is life only tending towards more and more refined dust, or is it ever becoming more and more illuminated with spirit? Is the universe hungering for soul, ever fitting itself for thought and love?

This thought of the immortality of the soul is one of the most universal elements in human feeling. Theodore Parker postulated his philosophy of universal religion upon three fundamental affirmations found in all religions, the thought of God, the thought of duty and the thought of the immortal life. We find these reflected in all Scripture, and testified to by all saviors.

Herbert Spencer, who has never been suspected of leaning too much toward religion or spiritual verities, says:

> Everywhere we find expressed or implied the belief that each person is double; that when he dies, his other self, whether remaining near at hand or gone far away, may return and continue capable of injuring his enemies and aiding his friends.

In this matter of universal life we find another witness of earlier man upon an Egyptian scroll. In "The Egyptian Book of the Dead" we read:

> I rise like a living God; I shine in the society of the gods who are in heaven. I see the motion of the holy constellation of Orion; I cross the river Nu. I am not far from the Lords of the Tuat. My soul is not far from its lord. Hail! Thou who dwellest in the West.

The Indian in his blanket furnished the party liberated by death with the simple requirements of the journey to the happy hunting ground, where his forefathers awaited him. Socrates, awaiting the fatal draught, said to his tearful followers: "Bury me as you please, if you can catch me."

Plato pushed his arguments for immortal life as heroically and courageously as Paul ever did. So this is something more than the audacity of ignorant minds. There is something sublime in this compulsion of thought and love that lays hold of the thought of the immortal life.

And nature seems to justify this dreaming, encourages this irrepressible hope of the human heart. Nature, as we understand it, is not in the habit of misleading her children.

There is a breast for the mouth formed in darkness; there is nutriment in the egg provided for the little cell that will break into life evermore complicated and evermore extended. There are abundant rice fields in Florida, justifying the adventurous flight of the migratory birds in these days. There is a winter bearing down upon the squirrel that leads to some kind of premonition, and he busily stores his warehouse with winter supplies.

These are not "arguments," but they justify the thought more convincingly than arguments. Wordsworth, when he speaks of the "intimations of mortality," speaks of the true groundwork of our faith.

James Martineau well says, "We try to prove the things we believe in, not to believe in the things we can prove in regard to immortality."

The thought of immortality is born out of a premonition as profound as that which compels the babe to grope for the mother's breast; which compels the birds to flee the winter's storms, and impels the beaver and the squirrel to provide against winter's scarcities.

Says Mark Twain, who was the soul of sincerity in dealing with the things of the soul:

> I have never seen what to me seemed an atom of proof that there is a future life. And yet I am strongly inclined to expect one.

So we can at least find re-enforcement and justification in this great psalm of the inner life when it lands us on the highlands of expectation, on the high peaks of faith and prophecy, enabling us to analyze the subject a little more confidently and heroically.

Edgar Lee Masters says:

> Listen to me, ye who live in the senses
> And think through the senses only:
> Immortality is not a gift;
> Immortality is an achievement;
> And only those who strive mightily
> Shall possess it.

Browning has said that the best proof of your faith in God is to so live as if there were no God at all. That is, live not in the fear of some far-off potentate, not in selfish anxiety to please or to win the favor of an omnipotent Being beyond and outside of yourself, but live in accordance with the divine standards within. Be a God to yourself and live worthy the God-likeness within you.

This lands me at the only affirmation that I am anxious to make, and that is, that it is more noble to deserve immortality than to beg for it; it is more worthy a human being to so live that he will be allied to the things of immortality than to be fretting and worrying over a possible extinction.

The thought of the immortal life is borne out of a world consciousness, a cosmic inheritance. The grop-

ing ages have deposited the germ of hope in the human heart and unworthy are we of the hope if we are not living above the things that die. It is a good deal easier to make a catalogue of things mortal than of things immortal. There are some things you are quite sure cannot survive the grave; plenty of things we strive and work for that we cannot take with us. The man in the New Testament who said: "I must build larger barns to store my grain and house my stock," heard the summons—"this day shall thy soul be required of thee." The young man who went to Jesus to ask, "What may I do to inherit eternal life?" found an answer too near at home and little to his liking, "Keep the commandments." "Yes, that I have done from my youth up." "Go sell all thou hast and give to the poor!" And the young man "went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions." He loved the things of mortality, he was tied to dying things, pledged to vanishing interests. Whether there was enough left to ally him to things eternal, let him who presides over the destiny of souls decide, I cannot and must not try.

There are certain kinds of immortality I for one do not want. I have no hunger for a heaven the inhabitants of which can look down over the battlements and rejoice over the torments of kindred souls in the realms of woe. I never tire of the old story of the Scandinavian king, who, having offered himself for Christian baptism, when his feet were already in the water, stopped and asked, "Does this act separate me from my foreelders?" The Christian priest in frankness said, "Yes, there is a nobler destiny in store for Christians," and the old pagan stepped out of the water and said, "I prefer to go where my ancestors are." I want no "Christian" heaven, the condition of entering which is the acceptance of a vicarious substitution of any child of God. The immortality suggested by the universe, the hope justified by the analogies of nature must have the wide sweep of an eternal law. If there is not room for all of us, there is not room enough for me,—as I understand the problem.

So, this audacity of human minds is a small reflection of the universal longing, an accent of undying hope. Where did it come from? I know not, but it comes from where stars and suns come from. I do not know, but it is born as the roses and elms and pastures green and waters still are born. I know not where this faith had its rise. but I do know that it had its rise where prophets and saints were made, I do know that it has flourished where the holy ones of earth have triumphed over the temptations of time. Whatever it is, it is allied to that which despises the things that divide and degrade.

It is a great spirit that lays hold of immortality. You need your hats off, you need to leave behind you your boiled shirts and your swallow-tails, your frills and your furbelow when you go to heaven. Aye, you will have to leave behind your barns and your bonds; perhaps the last links that are to be severed between you and mortality are those that bind you to these things that you have consecrated with your sweat and enshrined by your years of devotion to the neglect of other things that lay hold of eternity.

I like the word eternal better than immortal. The young man came to Jesus and asked of him, "What shall I do to inherit *eternal* life?" The word "eternal" in its connotation and its etymology refers more to quality than to quantity. It is the quality of those things allied to the things of the spirit, love, hope, justice. He who is allied to justice may well confront the universal demand for fair play and feel the strength of the modest argument for a continued life by the obvious incompleteness of the life that now is; the evident unfairness of this preliminary experiment. They who laid the caissons one hundred feet below the bottom of the river at St. Louis, did not do it in order to build a foot bridge across the river; they did not have in mind a road for wheelbarrows or express wagons; but they sought the foundation ribs of earth that thereon they might build a bridge that would carry the weight of transcontinental traffic, and when the bridge was completed the ultimate triumphant evidence of success came when they packed the four tracks plumb full of locomotive engines from the Illinois end across to the Missouri shore. It did not sag, the bridge was equal to the test. That embroidery of railroad engines settled securely upon the spider web in steel that spanned the "Father of Waters."

As I have studied human life, your life and mine, universal life, I find the foundation laid for a noble superstructure, I find there justification for a great hope. I know that I speak in terms of time, I know that most of those plans of mine are to be forfeited, most of those aspirations are to be disappointed. But is it possible to believe that the eternal power that established these hopes would make no provision for some kind of realization of them?

Let me not beg anything here today. One thing I do believe, that the soul that says that if there is no life after death, that it matters not what you do, "eat, drink and be merry," has not yet entered into the councils of the eternal and knows not the a, b, c's of the spiritual life. It is a mean man, a very mean soul, that bargains for service with the Lord of being.

One phase of immortality we are as sure of as we are of the indestructibility of matter, and that is, that there is a deathless quality to goodness, and that the perpetuating power of righteousness is allied to the immortal life eternal.

On the day of Charles Sumner's funeral, William R. Alger, the great historian of the doctrine of immortality, in a book which he began as a school boy's essay when a lad in college, and which grew and grew until now it is a ponderous volume of eight hundred pages with a bibliography prepared by the learned Professor Abbott, the great librarian of Harvard College, covering three hundred pages more of closely printed titles of books bearing on the history of the immortal life,—this great student of this great subject encountered at Sumner's funeral his friend Emerson, and he said to him, "What of Charles Sumner now? Where is he?" Emerson replied, "I am so surprised in finding myself here that I cannot but believe that the power that gave me this surprise is able to give me another surprise that will come when I meet Charles Sumner again." The profound mystery of origin is not one whit more perplexing than the mystery of destiny. Here we are, on a narrow ledge of mortal time, with an eternity behind us and an eternity before us. To a degree we can spell out the methods of the eternity behind us, to a degree we can trace the evolution of life from the past. "I know not what the future hath of marvel or surprise," but I am assured

that His mercy will guide the future as it has in the past.

On the same day of Sumner's funeral, the same inquiry was made by the same man of Whittier, and Whittier's reply was: "I cannot conceive myself as ceasing to exist. How much less can I conceive of such a power as Charles Sumner being blotted out of the universe." The good Quaker poet also spoke within the lawful rights of a saintly soul. He also testified to the vision that comes to the inspired, and these visions come not out of the flippant, selfish, indolent side of men's lives, but out of the moments of supreme trial, out of the hours of our great sorrows, out of the days of our illumination and exultation.

Milton sang the praise of Lycidas, as he grieved over the death of his friend Edward King. Shelley told his hopes at the grave of John Keats. Matthew Arnold had the vision as he mourned his friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, when he wrote his Thyrsus. Emerson's great Threnody, part of which I have read to you this morning, was written when his heart was bleeding for his "Hyacinthine Boy." Tennyson's noble thoughts found expression in his "In Memoriam," inspired by the life and death of his friend, Arthur Hallam. Walt Whitman wove his triple stranded threnody for our great President in his poem, "When Lilacs Last in the Door Yard Bloomed." Robert Browning climbed alone, like the heroic spirit he was, La Saisiaz, the mountain from which he told of his loss in the death of his dear friend, Miss Anna Edgerton-Smith.

So it is in the moment of great strain, in the hour of exaltation, when the mind is most attuned to the harmony of the stars, and when the heart is most in accord with the love that weaves all men into one brotherhood, that the vision reaches its greatest clearness.

There is an immortality worthy of all the energies of the finite, an immortality that George Eliot gripped with a deathless vigor when she sang of the

> Choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence; live
> In pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deed of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self,
> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars
> And with their mild persistence urge man's search
> To vaster issues.

This is an immortality that we are sure of, the immortality we can all believe in, and the immortality that we dare hope for and dream of, and that we can all wait for. Let us not be curious. It is the nonspiritual who lies awake at night in fear of death. The illuminated children of God stop not to watch the clock or reckon the passage of time, content to know that if life is measured by moments, one by one they pass, one by one are they to be utilized, and as they are gathered into the service of life, they are formed into a rosary of faith that lifts the soul into the eternal life which is not what I can imagine, for that is not worth having; it is not what I can prove, for what is subject to finite proof is subject to finite delusion. But it is that which I can *be*, that which makes for the power that I may not analyze, for a purpose I may not describe or foretell. But it is life eternal. And as we partake of it, we live in the house of the Lord forever. Time is a term of the mortal, eternity is the word of the universe.

In the eternity that now is, in the deathlessness that lies in things pure and true, in the life of justice and love may we consciously live with Thee, our Father and Friend, forever more. Amen.

The Growth and Hopes of a Small College

(See note in issue of November 16, page 169.)

There are a large number of Welsh people in the United States. They live in settlements; are somewhat clannish, though never hyphenated. (Perish the thought to them of a Welsh-American, a Welsh-vote, or a Welsh-alliance.) They have their own churches —all of the nonconformist type. They are fervid in worship, very faithful in attendance upon church service, somewhat stronger on faith than on practice, and while emotional, their methods are not sensational and they are not afraid of theology. The paradox of their character and worship is well expressed in the name of their principal denomination, which is Calvinistic-Methodist.

Many of the churches of this denomination are located in Wisconsin, where is also located Ripon College, an institution of sixty years' standing. This church and this college, believers alike in education in religion, and religion in education, have grown together in mutual confidence and service. The roll of attendance at Ripon College has always had a large proportion of Welsh boys and girls. About thirty-five Welsh boys have graduated from Ripon College into the gospel ministry, and there are now five in attendance preparing for this profession.

In a recent statement given to the churches of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Synod of Wisconsin, there is suggested a most interesting plan of oversight and support of students in the gospel ministry in connection with Ripon College, which plan has been adopted by the churches. It involves on the part of the college an establishment of a special department that gives the candidate for the ministry, as well as other students, the best opportunity of studying the subjects immediately connected with Christian work,—such as Theism, Christian Evidences, Missions, Bible Study. A course of study is suggested for the four years which gives a broad, liberal education and a fair emphasis throughout on religion and morals. The church, on its part, will help in the maintenance of this work in a measure, and will also form with the President and Dean a board for the purpose of helping young men who are declared candidates for the ministry and devote the income of $10,000 to this purpose. Any young man following a course prescribed as advisable, will be helped financially, which help is in the form of a loan, which is cancelled in case he enters the gospel ministry.

The Welsh churches have wise and consecrated leadership and they are making adjustment to meet the present situation in the transition from the Welsh to the English. They have seen the wisdom of adopting a college like Ripon in connection with the work of their educational board, and of taking some distinct

program in relation to the educational work of their church.

The plan of co-operation is so vital and broad that it permits the exploiting of the peculiar genius of the Welsh people in recruiting for the gospel ministry. With the united efforts of school and church there may be in the future fifteen or twenty Welsh boys, rather than five, studying for the ministry at Ripon College. The genius of the Welsh people is for poetry, prophesy and song. There is splendid preaching material in this race that has no relation to the use of the Welsh language as such. As the Jews are serving the world in a peculiar way without a distinct language or nation, so, too, in a similar way are the Welsh, irrespective of their language, and knowing no nation that they can call distinctly their own, they have a peculiar service in the world, and this a religious one. Their young men make first class preachers.

Ripon College is definitely fitted to be chosen as the Institution of this church. Ripon College has strong traditions. It was incorporated in 1851 and has in its history been enriched with many sacrifices and prayers. It is a Christian college, but is non-sectarian in its control. It was fostered in an early day by both Presbyterian and Congregational churches. It is governed by a self-perpetuating, unpaid and high-class Board of Trustees. Ripon College is, most consistently with the Welsh character, democratic. The expense is reasonable. There are no sororities or fraternities. Students and teachers become intimately acquainted with one another. Ripon College maintains high standards of scholarship. Last year the Rhodes Oxford Scholarship, open to the best qualified in the State from its colleges and the university, was awarded to Mr. Latimer Johns of Ripon College. In the Wisconsin Latin League Contest, Ripon College, for the second time, secured the cup for highest scholarship in team average, and, too, a prize of $250 for individual best. Four graduate scholarships were given seniors of Ripon, one each at Bryn Mawr and University of Chicago and two at University of Wisconsin. Ripon College is on the Carnegie Foundation and has been adopted by the General Educational Board. These national standardizing agencies study minutely and carefully any institution before adopting it, and their stamp is a guarantee of worth. Ripon College is assured of a successful existence. It is financially secure. Though the college must have larger resources in the future to provide for its growth and strengthen its position, yet the institution is independent and permanent. The college has recently successfully completed an endowment of $325,000. Ripon College is now a million-dollar concern, comprising a plant without encumbrance valued at $500,000 and the assurance of $500,000 productive endowment. Ripon College is growing. Last year there was an increase of 35 per cent in student attendance, and this year the college opened a new home for girls and a new home for boys, each of which has been filled. Ripon, however, is a small college, and is proud of it. It hopes to remain this type of college, having proven the value of its type in the output of its students in leadership in all the professions and avocations of life. The credits of Ripon College are accepted on an equal basis by any college or university in the country. Ripon College exists to serve. It believes in the personal element in education. It believes its ideals can better be accomplished by keeping to a moderate size. Its motto is "Quality First," its ideals are democracy, scholarship and the motive power of a moral and religious life.

The above statements in reference to Ripon College are given after investigation by a special committee of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church in their statement to their local churches as a reason for choosing this college as their own. This recommendation of the college fits most admirably into the national ideals and character of the Welsh people.

SILAS EVANS, D. D., President.

Ripon, Wisconsin, Nov. 11, 1916.

Books Received

MACMILLAN CO.:

The Inner Life, by Rufus M. Jones.
The Brook Kerith, by George Moore.
The Religion of Experience, by Horace Bridges.
The Long Road of a Woman's Memory, by Jane Addams.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO.:

Nationalizing America, by Edward A. Steiner.
What War Is Teaching, by Charles Jefferson.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS:

History of the University of Chicago (1891-1916), by Edgar Johnson Goodspeed.
The Story of the New Testament, by Edgar Johnson Goodspeed.
Handwork in Religious Education, by Addie Grace Wardle.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY:

Belle Jones, by Allan Meacham.

BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING COMPANY:

Today and Yesterday, by Irving J. A. Miller.

SHERMAN FRENCH & COMPANY:

Poems, by Chester Firkins.
Poems of Panama, by George Warburton Lewis.
Everyman Militant—A Modern Morality, by Ewing Rafferty.
Albion and Rosamond, by Anna Wolfrom.
The Will in Ethics, by Theophilus B. Stork.
The Natural Order of Spirit, by Lucien C. Graves.

HUEBSCH, W. B.:

Inviting War to America, by Allan L. Benson.
Culture and War, by Simon U. Patten.

LINDSEY PRESS:

Ethical and Religious Problems of the War, by J. E. Carpenter.

KNOPF, ALFRED A.:

Creative Involution, by Cora L. Williams. With an Introduction by Edwin Markham.

STURGIS & WALTON COMPANY:

Getting Together—Essays by Friends in Council on the Regulative Ideas of Religious Thought. Edited by James Morris Whiton, Ph. D.

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"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE CIVIC MUSIC ASSOCIATION.

With the growth of the Playground movement in Chicago there is closely associated the work of the Civic Music Association, an organization as yet not known to all the people, but which is making such rapid strides that all of Chicago should before long know and appreciate its work. This Association was organized by a small group of people who believed music to be the highest form of recreation, and that in our schools and recreation centers the people who desire it should be given the opportunity to gain musical instruction through participating in choral singing, and should also be given opportunities to hear high class concerts in their own neighborhoods. These constitute the principal functions of the work of the Civic Music Association.

The means of accomplishing the desired results are substantially as follows:

CHILDREN'S CHORUSES.—A call is issued for voices in one of the recreation centers of the city; an instructor is put in charge and music adapted to children's use is learned by rote, the children having access to words only. The rehearsals in most children's choruses are held twice a week, which makes it possible for them to learn thoroughly enough songs for two concert programs a year. It is aimed to make this work differ as much as possible from the routine of school work, still to retain technical accuracy and to enforce the necessary discipline to secure the results required for public concerts.

ADULT CHORUSES.—The adult choruses are conducted along lines to make them not only musically instructive and to acquaint the members with the best in musical literature, but to supplement the work of rehearsing with such social features as may appeal to particular groups. Thus the work becomes recreative in character and conforms to the principles upon which the many magnificent recreation centers of the city are founded.

CONCERTS.—Frequent concerts are given by high class artists in the centers where choruses are organized. Concerts are also given by the local groups in their own auditoriums, and Spring and Fall Festivals held regularly each year employing all the members of the Association.

The Fall Festival of this year was given Tuesday night, November 14, at Orchestra Hall, covering a program of great excellence. The three hundred children who had been trained in six park centers sang a series of Folk Songs and evidently enjoyed what they were doing. The adult chorus of one hundred and sixty voices rendered a fine program and themselves enjoyed the exquisite singing of Mme. Julia Claussen and the numbers furnished by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Frederick Stock. Perhaps the most popular part of the performance was the Community Singing of familiar songs by the whole audience under the magnetic guidance of Mr. Thomas J. Kelly. From both a musical and financial standpoint the concert was a success. The money derived from the sale of seats is to be used toward defraying future expenses. There are at present adult classes at Sherman Park, Hamilton Park, Lane Technical High School and Fuller Park, while children's choruses are in regular training at Seward Park, Mark White Square, Hamilton Park, Fuller Park, Armour Square and the Jenner School. Community singing is conducted at Fullerton Hall, Art Institute Building, every Wednesday evening, by Thomas J. Kelly, of whom Mr. Stock said, after hearing him conduct the Community singing at the concert of November 14: "We must keep that man in Chicago." Community singing and children's choruses were conducted on the Municipal Pier throughout the summer, many thousands participating in the singing.

Much of the present success of the Civic Music Association is due to the work of Mrs. George B. Carpenter, honorary president, Mr. William H. Rehm, president, Mrs. Frank Jerome, chairman of the executive committee, and Miss Frances Brundage, superintendent.

JULIAN WORTHINGTON,
Director of the Choral Club and Children's Chorus at Fuller Park.

To J. W. R.

Your trail runs to the westward,
And mine to mine own place;
There is water between our lodges,
And I have not seen your face.

But since I have read your verses
'Tis easy to guess the rest—
Because in the hearts of the children
There is neither East nor West.

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Born to a thousand fortunes
Of good or evil hap,
Once they were kings together,
Throned in a mother's lap.

Surely they know that secret—
Yellow and black and white—
When they meet as kings together,
In innocent dreams at night.

By a moon they all can play with
Grubby and grimed and unshod—
Very happy together,
And very near to God.

Your trail runs to the westward,
And mine to my own place;
There is water between our lodges,
And you can not see my face.—

And that is well—for crying
Should neither be written nor seen,
But if I call you Smoke-in-the-Eyes,
I know you will know what I mean.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

"RIGHT MAKES MIGHT."

But now again the Nations arm;
Of men there pours a stream,
And beacons gleam from shore to shore,
While battle axes gleam.
The war-cry sounds o'er tilled fields
And echoes o'er the sea.
O'er battling hordes the sun goes down,
And Death smiles evilly.

The Nations cower in deathly shrouds
With flags nailed to the mast,
And the heavens, wrapt in hellish clouds,
Seem waiting the final blast.
The war-torn armies' men, like chaff
Before them, others fling,
And the earth responds to the mighty staff
Of the war-song that they sing.

But, hark! the voices, sounding deep
And clear as Tara's lyre,
Forth from the throat of Nations leap;
They cry in fateful ire:
"Where now is civilization's light?
Where now the deathless ray
Of that great axiom—'Right Makes Might'
And truth's immortal day?"
"Look ye above amongst the stars,
Which calmly there doth shine;
Bethink you that the god of Mars
Shall never be divine;
Remember that there's One above
Who is beyond the years,
And One whose law is one of love,
Undimmed by human tears."

—*John Bradford Main.*

GARDEN THOUGHTS.

Some of us are roses,
Some of us are weeds;
All of us begin in night,
Ugly little seeds.

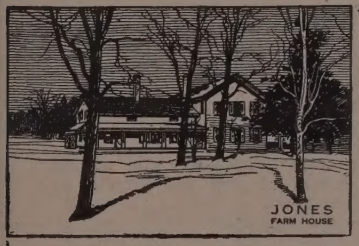
Some are gay and flaunting,
Some are pale and shy;
All of us have roots in earth,
Faces to the sky.

Some give joy in living,
Some give fragrance, dead;
Thorns and spines and ugliness
May yield balm or bread.

Twisted, seared, and stunted,
Radiant, sweet, and glad,
Who shall say that one is "good,"
And another "bad"?

"Youth's Companion."

—*Abbie Farwell Brown,*



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